THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

THE DYING ONE.

BY PAYNE KENYON GILMORE.

"The young heart's memorial dream is past.
The golden chords are severing now."

Friend, farewell! the day is dawning
Which shall see us know as one,
Streaks of light presage the morning,
With the Perfect Day is near begun.
Soon upon the hills of glory
Shall thy renewed spirit stand,
Listening to salvation's story,
Chanted by the scattered band.

Hark the sound of angels flying!—
Hear them rushing from the sky!—
Now the summer-winds are sighing—
Tis a zephyr passing by.
Yet perchance, they're here before them,
On these embassy of love;
Noiselessly they 're hovering o'er them,
Soon to welcome them above.

How the breath of pure devotion,
Every hope and fear o'erwhelms!
Lake a zephyr on the ocean
Wafting them to brighter realms!
Lo! thy spirit's chains are riven—
Lo—'tis struggling to be free!—
Young at years, but ripe for heaven,
Who'd not wish to die like thee!

What glories are thy brow adorning
As thou hid'st the world adieu,
And the splendours of that morning
Burst upon thy raptured view!
When in glory thou set morning
—If a sunset be there—
May thy friend, on earth remaining,
Be the harbinger of thy prayer!

Even-dew will 'l-the day is breaking
Which shall never know a night!
Fare-thee-well!—for thou art waking
In the rainless realms of light!

Original Tales.

THE BUSHEL OF CORN.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Farmer Gray had a neighbor who was not the best tempered man in the world, though usually kind and obliging. He was a shoemaker. His name was Barton. One day in harvest-time, when every hand on the farm was needed, he came to the house door of Farmer Gray's, and said, in rather a petulant tone of voice—

"Mr. Gray, I wish you would send over and deliver your grain, to-day."

"Why so, Mr. Barton, what have my grass hoes done?" the farmer said, in a mild quiet tone.

"They don't do anything, and I want them sent—and go into my garden, and I will not have it!" the neighbor replied in a still more petulant voice.

"I am really sorry for it, neighbor Barton. But what can I do?"

"Why you there, and then keep them on your own premises. It's no kind of a way to let your grass stand all over every farm and garden in the neighborhood."

"But I can not help them. All the harvest hands that Barton, and every man, woman and child on the farm has so much to be at she can do. Try and hear it for a week or two, and then I will come and possibly remedy the evil."

"I can't bear it, and I won't bear it any longer!" the shoemaker said. "So if you do not take care of them, friend Gray, I shall have to take care of them for you."

"What would you do, neighbor?" the quiet farmer Gray replied in his usual quiet tone. "I am sorry that they trouble you, but I cannot attend to them now."

"I'll attend to them for you, see if I don't," the shoemaker said, still more angrily than when he first called upon farmer Gray, and then turned upon his heel and strode off hastily toward his own house, which was quite near to the old farmer's.

"What on earth can be the matter with them grass?" Mrs. Gray said, about fifteen minutes after words."

"I really cannot tell, unless neighbor Barton is taking care of them. He threatened to do so if I didn't take them right off."

"Taking care of them! How taking care of them?"

"As to that, I am quite in the dark. Killing them, perhaps. He said they picked a few pigs' ears and drove them away when they were eating, and that he would not have it. He wanted me to take them right off, but that I could not do now, as all the hands are busy. And then said, that if I didn't take care of them, he would. So I suppose he is engaged in the neighborly business of taking care of our grass."

"John! William! Run over and see what Mr. Barton is doing with our grass. Stop," said, in a quick and anxious tone as two little boys who were playing near.

The urchins scampered off, well pleased to perform any errand.

"Oh, if he has dared to do any thing to my grass, I will never forgive him!" the good wife said angrily.

"If—ah, Sally! make no calculations for the future than probable that he has killed some ten or three of them. But never mind if he has. He will get over his pet, and be sorry for it."

"Yes, but what good will his being sorry do me. Will it bring my grass to life?"

"Ah, well, Sally, never mind. Let us wait until we learn what all this disturbance is about."

In about ten minutes the children came home, bearing the bodies of three geese, each without a head.

"Oh, isn't that too much for human endurance?" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Where did you find them?"

"We found them lying out in the road," said the eldest of the two children. "And when we picked them up, Mr. Barton said—Tell your mother that I have picked his geese for him, to save him trouble, as his hands are all too busy to do it."

"I'd not hire for it!" said Mrs. Gray, in an indignant tone.

"And what good would that do, Sally?"

"Why it would do a great deal of good! It would teach him better manners. It would punish him; and he deserves punishment."

"And punish us into the bargain. We have lost three goose now, but we still have their good fat bodies, I eat. I do not like geese, and I am a good deal vexed, and not know as even as much as the feathers, besides giving us a world of trouble and vexation. No, no, Sally, that will not do. I shall be sorry for it, I know."

"Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will his being sorry for it do me, I should like to know. Next, he will kill a cow, and then we must be satisfied with his being sorry for it. Now, I can not bear that. I don't have on that doctrine. No sir! I believe any thing about his being sorry, the cudded, ill-natured wretch!"

"Don't call hard names, Sally," neighbor Gray said, in a mild soothing tone. "Neighbor Barton was not himself when he killed the geese. Like every other angry person, he was a little insane, and did what he would not have done had he been perfectly in his right mind. When you see a little excited, you know, Sally, that even you do and say unreasonable things."

"Me do and say unreasonable things!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of indignant astonishment. "me my and do unreasonable things! When I am angry I don't understand you, Mr. Gray."

"Then I can help you a little. Don't you remember her how angry you were when Mr. Mellon's old brindle got into your garden, and trampled over your bottom bed, and how you struck her with the oven pole, and knocked off one of her horns."

"But I didn't mean to do that, though."

"No, but then you were angry, and struck old brindle with a right good will. And if Mr. Mellon had felt disposed, he might have prosecuted for damages."

"But the bed had business there."

"Of course not. Neither had our geese any business in neighbor Barton's yard. But, perhaps I can help you to another illustration that will bring more closeness in my good to your doing and saying unreasonable things when you are angry. You remember the patent churn?"

"Yes, but never mind about that."

"No you have not forgotten how unreasonable you were about the churn. It wasn't good for any thing—I know that—but you'd never put a jar of cream into it so long as you lived—that you wouldn't. And yet, on trial, you found that churn the best you had ever used, and now wouldn't part with it on any consideration. So you see, Sally, that even you can say and do unreasonable things when you are angry just as well as Mr. Barton can. Let us then consider him a little, and give him time to get over his angry fit. It will be much better to do so."

Mrs. Gray saw that her husband was right, but still she felt indignant at the outrage committed on her geese. She did not, however, say any thing about serving the shoemaker—for old brindle's head from which the horn had been knocked off, was not yet entirely well, and our prosecution very naturally suggested the idea of another. So she took her three fat geese, and after stripping off their feathers, had them prepared for the table.

On the next morning, as Mr. Gray was going along the road, he met the shoemaker, and as they had to pass very near to each other, they were smiled, and bowed, and spoke kindly. Mr. Barton looked and felt very uneasy, but farmer Gray did not seem to remember the unpleasant incident of the day before.

It was about eleven o'clock of the same day, that one of farmer Gray's little boys came running to him, and crying—

"Oh father! father! Mr. Barton's hogs are in our corn field!"

"Then I must go and drive them out," said Mr. Gray, in a quiet tone.

"Drive them out!" ejaculated Mrs. Gray. "Drive em out, indeed! I'd shoot them, that's what I'd do! I'd serve him so he served my geese yesterday!"

"But that wouldn't bring the geese to life again, Sally."

"I don't care if it wouldn't. It would be paying him in his own coin, and that's all he deserves."

"You know what the Bible says, Sally, about grieving words, and they apply with stronger force to grieving deeds. Let us never be guilty of either. Two wrongs can't be real. That is the best way. He has done wrong. I am sure he is sorry for it. And as well, and still more certain sorry for so unkind and unneighborly an action, I intend making use of the best means for keeping him sorry."

"Then you will be revenged on him, any how."

"No Sally—not revenged. I hope I have no such feeling. But I will make him sorry for his conduct, and who has done himself a much greater wrong than he has done me. But I wish him to see clearly how wrong he has acted, that he may do so no more. And I shall not have any cause to complain of him, nor he any to be grieved, as I am sure he is at his own hasty conduct. But what I am talking here, my hogs are destroying my corn."

And so saying, farmer Gray hurried off towards his corn field. When he arrived there, he found four hogs busy tearing down the stalks, and pulling off, and eating the tops of the corn. They had already destroyed a good deal. But he drove them out very calmly, and put up the bars through which they had entered, and then—unconscious of gathering up the half dozen ears of corn, and throwing them out into the lane, for the hogs that had been so suddenly disturbed in the process of their feasting—went off. As he was thus engaged, Mr. Barton, who had from his own fields, came hurriedly up, to say—

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am, that my hogs have done you harm. I will most cheerfully pay you for what they have destroyed."

"Oh, never mind friend Barton—never mind. Such things will happen sometimes. My grass, you know, annoy you very much sometimes."

"Don't speak of it Mr. Gray. They didn't annoy me at all. I was in the wrong, and I am sorry for it. I will not be so unreasonable another time. I will not be so blame mean! Of course, myself. I should have kept my fences in better repair, or my gate closed. The fault certainly was not to blame, for they follow only the promptings of nature—and their owners should not be censured, for they know nothing about it. It would be very wrong for me to injure both the animals and their owners for my own neglect—would it not?"

"Why—I suppose it would."

"So at least I believe it to be me. Then, of course, I ought not to injure neighbor Barton's cows or hogs, even if they should trespass on my corn field a gain, simply because it would be wrong to do so. This is the principle upon which we should act, and not from any selfish policy."

After this, there was no more trouble about farmer Gray's geese or cattle. Sometimes the geese would get into Barton's fields, though not often, and neither up nor down. So I shall trust on paying you for at least one bushel of corn, for I am sure they have destroyed that much, if not more."

But Mr. Gray shook his head and smiled pleasantly, as he replied—

"Don't think any thing more about it neighbor Barton. It is a reason deserving of no consideration. No doubt my cattle have done you damage, as well as your trespass on you again. Let us then bear and forbear."

All this cut the shoemaker still deeper, and he felt still less at ease in mind after he parted from the farmer, than he did before. But on one thing he resolved, and that was, to pay Mr. Gray for the corn which his hogs had eaten.

"You told him your mind pretty plainly I hope," Mrs. Gray said, as her husband came in.

"I certainly did," was the quiet reply.

"And I'm glad you had spirit enough to do it! I always be at him think twice, before he kills any more of my geese."

"I expect you are right, Sally. I don't think we shall be troubled with them."

"And what did you say to him? And what did he say for himself?"

"Why, he seemed very much to pay me for the corn his pigs had eaten; but I wouldn't hear to it. I told him that it made no difference in the world. That such things would happen some times."

"You did?"

"Certainly, I did."

"And in the way you spoke your mind to him?"

"Precisely. And I feel the desired effect. It made him think more than if he had spoken angrily to him. He was extremely vexed at what he had done, and says he will never rest until he has paid for that corn. I told him there was no hurry about it. So I will be the best possible guaranty I can have for his kind and neighborly conduct hereafter."

"You are right, Mr. Gray, you are right. Mrs. Gray said, after a few moments of thoughtful silence. "I like Mr. Barton very much—and now I came to think of it, I should not wish to have any difference between our families."

"And so do I like Mr. Barton. He has read a good deal, and I find it very pleasant to sit with him, occasionally, during the long winter evenings. His only fault is his quick temper—but I am sure it is much better for me to bear with, and resolve that, than to oppose and excite it, and then keep high his family and our own in hot water."

"You are certainly right," Mrs. Gray said, "and I only wish that I could always think and feel as you do. But I am a little quick, as they say."

"And so is Mr. Barton. Now just the same consideration that you would desire others to have for you, should you exercise towards Mr. Barton, or any one else whose hasty temper leads him into words or actions that in calmer and more thoughtful moments, are subjects of regret."

On the next day, while Mr. Gray stood in his own door, from which he could see all over the two or three acres of ground that the shoemaker cultivated, he observed two of his own cows in his neighbor's corn field.

"Now I will see the effect of yesterday's lesson," the farmer said to himself, and then paused to observe the manner of the shoemaker towards his cattle in driving them out of the field. In a few minutes Mr. Barton met up to the cows—but, instead of throwing stones at them, or striking them with a stick, he merely drove them out in a quiet way, and put up the bars through which they had entered.

"Admirable!" ejaculated farmer Gray.

"What is admirable?" asked his wife who came within hearing distance at the moment.

"Why the lesson I gave our friend Barton yesterday about his cattle."

"How so?"

"Why two of our cows were in his corn field a few minutes ago, and he drove them out at a rapid rate."

"Well! What did he do to them?" in a quick, anxious tone.

"He drove them out."

"Did he stone them, or beat them?"

"No. He was as gentle as a child toward them."

"You are certainly jesting."

"Not I. Friend Barton has not forgotten that his temper is an over bold, boundary, and that I turned them out without hurting a hair of one of them. Now, suppose I had got angry and beaten his hogs, what do you think the result would have been? Why, it is much more than probable, that one or both of our fine cows would have been at this moment in the condition of Mr. Mellon's old brindle."

"I wish you wouldn't say any thing more about old brindle." Mrs. Gray said, trying to laugh, while her face grew red, in spite of her efforts to keep down her feelings.

"Well, I won't, Sally, if it worries you. But it is such a good illustration, that I cannot help using it sometimes."

"I am glad he didn't hurt the cows." Mrs. Gray said, after a pause.

"And so am I Sally. Glad as more than one account. But I thought that he made an effort to keep down his hasty, irritable temper—and if he can do that, it will be a favor conferred on the whole neighborhood, for there is not a more unpleasant man to deal with, or to live with, than a man who is subject to such a fault as his character."

It is certainly the best policy, to keep fair weather with him"—Mrs. Gray remarked—"for a man of his temper could annoy us a good deal."

"That is not your policy, Sally, and a good word," her husband replied. "It conveys a thoroughly selfish idea. Now, we ought to look for some higher motive of action than this. Let us endeavor grounded in correct and unselfish principles."

"But what other motive but policy could we possibly have for bearing with Mr. Barton's ill-temper as we do?"

"Other and far higher motives, it seems to me. We should reflect that Mr. Barton has naturally a hasty temper, and that, when excited, he does things for which he is sorry afterwards—and also, in this same out of sorts, he is a greater sufferer from those outbreaks than any one else. In our actions towards him, then, it is our duty to exercise a kind and forbearing spirit, and not a desire to aid him in the correction of this evil, than to look merely to the protection of ourselves from its effects. Do you see it now?"

"Yes. It does seem so."

"When thus moved to action, we are, in a degree, regarding the welfare especially of our self, but of those we speak effects all. And, in thus suffering ourselves to be governed by such elevated and unselfish motives, we gain all that we possibly could have gained under the mere instigation of policy—and a great deal more. But to bring the matter into a still narrower compass. In all our actions towards him and every one else, we should be governed by the simple considerations—Is it right? Is it wrong? Is it injurious to us? Is it injurious to others? I indulged without a mutual injury. Of course, then, it should never prompt us to action, or if rown or hogs get into our fields, we should not be governed by any motive to be blame most! Of course, myself. I should have kept my fences in better repair, or my gate closed. The fault certainly was not to blame, for they follow only the promptings of nature—and their owners should not be censured, for they know nothing about it. It would be very wrong for me to injure both the animals and their owners for my own neglect—would it not?"

"Why—I suppose it would."

"So at least I believe it to be me. Then, of course, I ought not to injure neighbor Barton's cows or hogs, even if they should trespass on my corn field a gain, simply because it would be wrong to do so. This is the principle upon which we should act, and not from any selfish policy."

After this, there was no more trouble about farmer Gray's geese or cattle. Sometimes the geese would get into Barton's fields, though not often, and neither while eating, but it did not worry him so it did formerly. If they came too troublesome, he would drive them away, but he always did so in a quiet way, and never beat them as he did.

Late in the fall, the shoemaker brought in his bill for work. It was a pretty large bill, with sundry credits.

"Pay the hay comes at last," farmer Gray said, good humoredly, as he looked over the items.

"Well, let us see!" and he took the bill to examine it, item after item.

"What is this?" he asked, reading aloud.

"Or. By one bushel of corn, *fifty cents*."

"It's some corn I had from you."

"I reckon you must be mistaken. You never got any corn from me."

"Oh yes I did. I remember it perfectly. It is all right."

"But when did you get it, friend Barton? I am sure that I have'nt the most distant recollection of it."

"Oh, I got it myself," the shoemaker said, in rather a low and hesitating tone.

"Your hogs?"

"Yes, but you remember when my hogs broke into your field, and destroyed your corn."

"Oh, dear! Is that it? Oh, no, no, friend Barton! I cannot allow that item in the bill."

"Yes, but you must. It is perfectly just—and I shall never rest until it is paid."

"I can't indeed. You couldn't help your hogs getting into my field; and then you know, friend Barton" (and he pointed to his nose) "My grass were very troublesome."

The shoemaker blushed, and looked confused; but farmer Gray stopped him hastily as he was about to speak, in a lively, cheerful way—

"Don't think any thing more about it, friend Barton! And, hereafter, let us endeavor to do as we would be done by, and then every thing will go on as smoothly as clock work."

"But you will allow that item in the bill?" the shoemaker urged, perseveringly.

"Oh no, I couldn't do that. I should think it wrong to make you pay for my own or some of my men's negligence in leaving the barn down."

"But then—" (hesitatingly) "some grass. I killed them. Let it go for them."

"If you did kill them—we eat them. So that is even. Item—no, let the past be forgotten, and if it makes better neighbors and friends of us, we need never regret what has happened."

Farmer Gray remained firm, and the bill was settled, omitting the item of "corn." From that time forth, he never had a better neighbor than the shoemaker. The lesson had been given, and the shoemaker that you would desire others to have for you.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

AN ADVENTURE IN HAVANA.

A Romantic Sketch.

BY D. M. CLWOOD.

The moon is up; by heaven a lovely one!
Not much he fears, I wene, of woman's heart,
Who thinks that woman's vow is worn by cards.
CHILDE HAROLD.

It was a most beautiful evening in the Capital of Cuba. Even for that rich and genial climate the air had been unusually pure and refreshing through the day, and as the sun bent low in the west, the cool breeze that poured forth through the gates, glad in escape for a few moments from the narrow and dingy streets of the city, was hailed with a pleasure that was to be found only outside the walls. And while yet the vesper-bell was sounding, the grand Paseo was thronged with citizens of all classes, attracted to them by the unpleasant heats of business and of bustling life. Superb volantes came rolling leisurely along, containing at once the beauty and wealth and fashion of Havana, and the gay equipages of modern cities. Occasionally might be seen a horseman, or more, anxious to be distinguished among the motley multitude. But by far the greater number of those who thronged the paseo, glad to escape for a few moments from the narrow and dingy streets of the city, were content with the pleasure that was to be found

glow; in pride, in difficulties, and in doubts; with an eye always to clear duty, for the glory of God, and the good of society; (meaning only to the sweet music of his own thoughts,) he has tuned his lyre to the sweetest chords of his own thoughts, he has habitually kept his path. The sincerity of man's life consists in the entire conformity of his outward actions to his inward sentiments. Let no subtle sophistry, no false reasoning, no false show for a month, no false distinction, no sinister motives for economic distinction, no false pride, no false shame, no false compliments, no unfriendly envy, lead you to undervalue the intrinsic or essential love under so many trials. Higher principles and sensible motives alone have enabled him to act upon such disinterested, pure, and social principles in the affairs of addresses. He has enlarged and enriched the domestic of a pleasing and useful science; he has rescued it from the existence of mere species of birds below known; he has given us more accurate information of the forms and habits of those that were known; he has improved the branches of botany; and he has imparted to the study of natural history the grace and fascination of literature.

In his moral and his plan he has made the world eminently his debtor. Exquisite delineations of the visible and moral economies of the air, drawn with so much nicety and truth as to be instantly known by all who have the most favorite haunts, who can subsequently describe? We remember well the effect wrought on our mind, when we first saw the whole of his wonderful collection of pictures, as they were exhibited a few years since in New York. It produced an overwhelming sense of the vast and admirable. As John Wilson had said of the same scene, shown at Edinburgh, the spectator instantly and profoundly bowed in the dust. The thinks were all there—all were of the size of life, drawn with the most perfect truth of nature, and with the kind of Wood, Hogarth. But what signified the most nice? The colors were all of life, too, bright as when born in luminous beauty through the WILDS. True, in one of the most bodies and postures, infinite as they are assumed by the various emotions, in motion, or rest, in their gait, or their gambols, their loves and their wars, singing, or screaming, or brooding, or preying, or tending one another to pieces. The tones on which they act or quarrel all true to nature, in hide, breath, agony, and lust, the fiery ardor and the ground flowers, the weeds and the very grass, all harmonious, were there, and were all of the skies. It was a wild and poetical vision of the heart of the New World, imbodied as not perhaps in any art. It was, indeed, a rich and magnificent sight, such as we would not for a dozens have lost.

A premier man, originality, and elegance mark Mr. Audubon's written style. His descriptions of birds in their native woods are not the dull and dry details of a naturalist, but the warm, lively, picturesque paintings of a poet. To open at any page of his volumes is to engage at once into a region of woods, forests, prairies, and wilds. He seems to enter into the very spirits of the birds he describes, and their habits, their loves, their feelings, their very hearts. And his whole life, like these writings, has been a poetical and exalted description of poetry, is this:

"Power whose care
Teaches their way along the pathless coast,
The desert and, instructs the finny tribes
Their wandering, but not lost."

News from Congress.

In the House, on Wednesday, after the passage of a private bill, the Appropriation bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, and the details of the Treasury Department, appropriating $92,000 for the New York Custom House, and estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars, provided it should not exceed $92,000. This amendment was rejected. On the question of agreeing to the Senate amendment, as amended by the committee, the vote was taken by tellers, when 87 voted in the affirmative, and 66 in the negative.

To the Senate amendments, appropriating one thousand dollars for removing the statue of Washington, Mr. Lewis proposed another, adding the sum of $2,000 for constructing the pedestal, the choice of the artist and the material which to be determined by the President of the Heads of Departments. After a brief debate, in which the mover, Mr. Pendleton, J. R. Ingersoll and Every were participated, the amendment of Mr. Lewis was rejected, and the amendment of the Senate carried.

Other amendments were carried without discussion, till that restoring the salaries of the Charges to Belgium, &c., was reached, which gave rise to a debate of considerable length.

In the House, on Thursday, a bill was reported from a Select Committee for appropriating $3000 to the purchase of materials for the purpose of ascertaining the exact longitude of the Capitol.

The report from the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the Tariff was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, the House then resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole.

The House having just resolved into Committee of the Whole, the undecided business of the previous day was taken up. The amendment of Mr. Clayton, to petition to the truth of the Minister to Holland, was, after debate, agreed to.

To the section providing for the contingent expenses of foreign intercourse the Senate appended a provision, that no part of the appropriation should be applied, after the 1st of July next, for compensation to separate agents, other than those at the courts of Great Britain and France, Congress for receiving and transmitting despatches. This portion goes now to be disposed of, and on the vote being taken, 88 voted in the affirmative and 73 in the negative.

To the amendment appropriating $30,000 for the completion of the whole foreign intercourse act, Mr. Pickens offered an amendment providing $5000 for commercial agents at the mouth of Columbia. After a brief explanation by the mover and Mr. Underwood, the amendment was passed.

All the Senate amendments being disposed of, the Committee rose and reported the bill to the House, which proceeded to act definitively on the various amendments sent from the Senate.

Previous to the rising of the Committee, Mr. Fillmore made an explanation relative to a letter which he had read, purporting to be from Mr. Woodbury, concerning the completion of the New York Custom House. The letter which he had read was written by Mr. Woodbury—but was written from memory and differing in material points from the original.

In the House of Representatives, on Saturday, a resolution submitted by Mr. Graham was adopted, directing the Committee on Naval Affairs to enquire into the expediency of reducing a bill providing that all appointments of officers and midshipmen shall be made in conformity with the ratio of Representation now in each State, Territory, and the District of Columbia, so that all of the States and parts of the Union shall enjoy equal rights and equal advantages, in proportion to their federal population.

In the course of some conversation to which the resolution gave rise, it was stated that the reason why some States had apparently been neglected, was owing to the fact that many of them had not made their appointments for, on account of the Appropriation Bill; and the Senate then adjourned.

In the House on Monday, Mr. Ingry, the delegate from Florida, moved to amend the bill for the admission of the United States, in relation to the cession of lands to them, and on account occupation of that Territory, be taken up. Mr. Fillmore, Adams, and Cave Johnson, to assist a similar committee which might be appointed on the part of the Senate.

Mr. Bastow gave notice that he would on Monday next, call the attention to a bill providing for an extra occupation at Florida.

The bill for the relief of Francis A. Harrison was read a third time and passed.

The Senate, at one o'clock, went into an Executive Session—and, after some time spent therein, the doors were opened—when Messrs. Evans, Bonner and Wright were appointed a Committee, to confer with that of the House, in relation to the disagreement of the Senate to

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Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

THE "MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY."

For a long time previous to the establishment of the North American Review, the leading literary periodical of New England, was the Monthly Anthology, conducted by the "Anthology Club." Among the members of this association were several of the most distinguished men of the time, including Alexander Everett, Daniel Webster, the late Mr. Buckminster, Judge Thacher, the late Rev. S. C. Thacher, Dr. Gardiner, Rev. Mr. Emerson, father of the present well-known Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Bigelow, Prof. Ticknor, Mr. Savage, and others. They had a social meeting, with a supper, one evening in every week. Being at that time mostly either mere tyros, or professional men in full employment, and too constantly occupied to give much time to letters, the published product of their labors was of no very great value; but the work, as a whole, was distinguished by a better taste than had previously prevailed in our periodical literature, and gave indications of a tendency toward improvement. The Anthology was suspended before the establishment of the North American Quarterly.

"HESPERIA."

Mr. Colton, in the notes to his new poem, "Tecumseh," mentions as an unhappy circumstance that we have to this country no decent name, poetical or practical; and that he has therefore felt the necessity of coining a *new one*. He proposes *Hesperia*, which in truth is both classical and poetical; but as Joel Barlow used it often in his "Columbiad," we cannot see that Mr. Colton's claim of "right by invention" will pass for much. He says well, however, that we lack a good title; for to be called *Americans* is no designation, as it is shared by the inhabitants of the Southern Continent. The appellation of *North Americans* is equally indefinite, belonging as much to the Texan, Mexican, or Greenlander, as to us. In South America there are United States, as well as here; and the term Yankee, a *nick-name* of somewhat doubtful character, can apply only to the people of New England. Among foreigners, therefore, we have no appropriate designation, except as "Citizens of the United States of North America," and half a man's ideas would leave him before this could well be uttered.

POETASTERS.

"Poetry, a Metrical Essay," by Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, contains some of the finest specimens of versification in the English language. The poem lacks unity, however, and its brilliant passages appear about as well detached from each other as when printed in connection. It was delivered before the Alumni of Harvard University soon after the author's return from Europe, in 1836, and was received with extraordinary and well-merited applause. The following lines, being thought deficient in dignity, were omitted in the printed copies of it. How admirably they describe the greater portion of the "occasional poetry" of the times—

How many a stanza, blushing like the rose,
Would turn to fustian if reduced to prose!
How many an epic, like a gilded crown,
If some cold critic dared to melt it down,
Roll in his crucible a shapeless mass,
A grain of gold-leaf to a pound of brass!
Shorn of their plumes, our moonstruck sonneteers
Would seem but jackdaws croaking to the spheres;
Our gay Lotharios, with their Byron Curls,
Would pine like oysters cheated of their pearls!
Wo to the spectres of Parnassus' shade,
If truth should mingle in the masquerade.
Lo, as the stranger's pale creations pass,
Off come at once the "Dearest" and "Alas!"
Crack go the lines and levers used to prop
Top-heavy thoughts, and down at once they drop.
Flowers weep for hours; Love, shrieking for his dove,
Finds not the solace that he seeks—above.
Fast in the mire, through which in happier time
He ambled dryshod on the stilts of rhyme,
The prostrate poet finds at length a tongue
To curse in prose the thankless stars he sung.
And though, perchance, the haughty muse it shames,
How deep the magic of harmonious names!
How sure the story of romance to please,
Whose rounded stanza ends with Heloise!
How rich and full our intonations ride
"On Terno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side!"
But where her name some vulgar "proper noun,"
And Pambamarca changed to Belchertown,
She might be pilloried for her doubtful fame,
And no enthusiast would arise to blame;
And he who outraged the poetic sense,
Might find a home at Belchertown's expense!
The harmless boys, scarce knowing right from wrong,
Who libel others and themselves in song,
When their first pothooks of poetic rage
Slant down the corners of an album's page,
(Where crippled couplets spread their sprawling charms,
As half-taught swimmers move their legs and arms,)
Will talk of "Hesper on the brow of eve,"
And call their cousins "lovely Genevieve;"—
While thus transformed, each dear deluded maid,
Pleased with herself in novel grace arrayed,
Smiles on the Paris who has come to crown,
This newborn Helen in a gingham gown!

CHINESE LITERATURE.

The last number of the *American Eclectic* contains an interesting article on the literature of the Chinese, and the various collections of Chinese and Mandchoo books in Europe, which shows that the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have been much more industrious and successful in the cultivation of letters than is generally supposed. The article is based on a report of Monsieur Brosset, distinguished for his knowledge of the Chinese language, relating to the great collection of Chinese works in the library of the St. Petersburgh Academy of Science.

It appears that the Russian government began to make Chinese collections as soon as the library of the Academy of Science was founded. In the year 1730, the Russian diplomatic agent at Pekin, sent to Peter the Great a large collection of Chinese books, which he had obtained from the Jesuits, of whom there was then a very considerable number in the Celestial empire. These books were presented to the Academy of Science, and subsequently, the collection was augmented by fresh supplies of books received from China; so that, as early as the year 1794, this academy possessed a library consisting of 292 works, forming in all 413 volumes, or 2,800 paper packets.*

This collection was again enriched by acquisitions successively made by the Russian missions at Pekin. In 1818, when M. M. Kaniensky and Lipovtsoff, were commissioned by M. Ovaroff, the president of the academy, and now minister of public education, to make out a catalogue, the library was found to consist of 2,957 packets, forming 347 works. These treasures soon after received a valuable augmentation by a present from the Emperor to the academy, consisting of a considerable collection of Chinese books.

This collection, which the Emperor purchased for the express purpose of presenting it to the academy, belonged to Col. Ladijensky, the accredited agent of the Russian mission to China. After a residence of several years in Pekin, Col. Ladijensky returned to St. Petersburgh, bringing with him a collection of Chinese books, chiefly relating to history, geography, and statistics. The work, known by the title of "Tai-Tsing Hoei-Tian," descriptive of the government, laws, geography, and statistics of China, and consisting of 30 volumes, formed a part of Col. Ladijensky's collection, which was remarkable alike for the intrinsic value of the books, and the peculiar beauty of the copies.

Down to the period here referred to, the library of the Academy of Science, however, contained nothing exceedingly curious, or, at least, it possessed nothing so very rare as might reasonably have been expected, considering the peculiar advantages for intercourse with China which the geographical position of Russia presents. As good a library might have been formed by any wealthy private individual, and the St. Petersburgh collection was in no respect comparable to the collection of Chinese books in the Bibliotheque Royale at Paris. But, in the interim, between the years 1830 and 1838, the St. Petersburgh library received augmentations which very considerably enhanced its importance.

For these additions the library is chiefly indebted to the late Baron Schilling, of Cronstadt. That learned man, whose active and intelligent mind embraced at once so many various objects,—so many different branches of science, was deeply versed in the literature of the nations of central Asia and China. His taste for this class of erudition induced him to form a truly valuable collection of Chinese books. He maintained a regular correspondence with all the most learned orientalists in Europe, by which means he was made acquainted with the progress of Chinese literature in England, Germany, and France. One of the great objects he had in view was to multiply the most valuable monuments of Chinese literature, so as to render them more generally accessible.

The infinite number of graphic signs employed in the Chinese language, present an almost insurmountable obstacle to any attempt to multiply books written in that language by means of printing in movable characters; Baron Schilling conceived that the process of lithography was peculiarly adapted to the re-printing of Chinese books, and he resolved to try the experiment. His first productions in this way were the beautiful editions of the "Chong-Yong" and the "Ta-Hio," which obtained the unqualified admiration of all the learned orientalists of Europe. In the opinion of M. Remusat, as expressed in one of his reports to the French institution, Baron Schilling's lithographic re-prints may fairly rival, in point of correctness and elegance, the most perfect productions of the imperial printing establishment at Pekin. Nevertheless, the obstacles to the employment of lithography in Chinese printing were so exceedingly great, as to induce Baron Schilling to apply himself with earnest assiduity to the discovery of some new and more available process. The types and other apparatus which he invented in furtherance of that object, and some specimens of printing preserved in the Asiatic museum of the Russian Academy of Science, are calculated to afford great assurance to those who may be disposed to prosecute the task which the learned and ingenious Schilling left unfinished.

In 1830, when Baron Schilling's Chinese library was purchased by the Czar, it consisted of 252 works, comprised in 323 volumes, and 1813 packets. Among these works were several of the best dictionaries of the Chinese and Mandchoo languages; a magnificent edition of the works of the Chinese classic writers, forming 24 volumes and 185 packets; the celebrated "Geographical Dictionary," in six languages; two copies of the Mandchoo translation of the celebrated romance "King-Ping-Mei," together with several other very remarkable works.

No sooner had Baron Schilling disposed of this first collection than he determined on forming a second. A Russian mission being about to proceed to Pekin, he seized the opportunity of travelling in the suite of the mission as far as the frontiers of China, where he, for some time, fixed his residence. By means of the peculiar channels of communication he was enabled to establish, the best literary productions of China were transmitted to him from the capital by every opportunity that presented itself. The consequence was, that he soon found himself in possession of a collection of books in the Chinese, Mandchoo, Mongol, and Thibet languages, certainly unequalled, either in Europe or in Asia. Among the most valuable Chinese works in the collection was a superb copy of the "Statistical Description of China," already alluded to, consisting of no less than 300 packets; the "Decrees of the Emperor Yong-Tching," in 300 packets; a magnificent edition of the works of the Chinese classic authors, in 24 volumes, each volume being contained in a wooden box; a great number of maps and prints; the most celebrated romances of the Chinese; and finally, several works published by the missionaries, and printed by the Chinese method. All the above works are held in high estimation by amateurs.

This second collection, formed by Baron Schilling, was, after his death in 1838, incorporated with that already possessed by the Russian Academy of Science. The whole now forms a superb collection. This library now comprises 1071 works, 1364 volumes, and 11,510 packets; it includes Chinese and Mandchoo books, together with a few works in the Japanese language. The books embrace every science cultivated by the inhabitants of China, natural history, philosophy, geography, statistics, history, and polite literature. The series of historical works present in themselves an almost complete history of China.

In order to estimate the value of the treasures contained in this Chinese library, it is sufficient to compare the cyphers given above with those presented by the catalogues of other collections, hitherto accounted the most remarkable in Europe; as, for example, the library of Vienna, which contains 169 works; that of Berlin, containing 252; or the library of the Asiatic Society of London including 243. As to the library of the Bibliotheque Royale in Paris, it may possibly be more extensive than that of St. Petersburgh, but the precise number of works and volumes it contains, is not at present, accurately known.

* A Chinese book consists of a number of packets of paper, separately stitched. Several of these packets slipped into a case form a volume.

Notices of New Works.

The Life of Wilbur Fisk, S. T. D. *By Joseph Holdich. 1 vol. 8vo. New York. Harper & Brothers.*—We welcome with pleasure the long expected Biography of Doctor Fisk, by his friend, Professor Holdich, of the Wesleyan University. The influence of the labors of Fisk have been and will be confined to no sect and no country. Among the most eminent clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, his writings and his eloquence were admired alike by all; and while by his earnest and well directed efforts he did more than any other person to elevate the standard of learning in his own denomination, the effects of his labors were felt in every communion, and he may be said to have given a general impetus to the cause of religion in his country. He was born at Brattleborough, in Vermont, in 1792. In his youth he enjoyed no advantages that were not within the reach of nearly every young man of New England. In 1815 he commenced the study of the law; but he soon after turned his attention to the ministry, and in the spring of 1818 was licensed to preach; in 1823 he was appointed a ruling elder, and in 1825, principal of the Wilbraham Academy. In 1829 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the Augusta College, (he subsequently received the same title from Brown University,) and in 1830 he was made President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown. In the autumn of 1835 he sailed for Europe, and while absent passed through the most interesting portions of the continent, and Great Britain. On his return he published a narrative of his travels, which attained a wide popularity. His health gradually declined until his death, which took place on the 22d of February, 1840. The Memoir by Professor Holdich is a well written, and of course an interesting work.—*Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.*

Notes of a Tour through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Arabia Petrea, to the Holy Land: *By Edward Joy Morris.*—We have here two very beautiful volumes, comprising the narrative of an intelligent traveller, and graceful writer, through the most interesting countries of the world. The work of our townsman will be read under some disadvantages, as the interesting journal of Mr. Stevens, and the important researches of Professor Robinson, besides several recent foreign journals descriptive of the same scenes and characters, have within a few years been extensively circulated in the United States, and almost every reader is so well acquainted with oriental topography and manners, that new accounts of them can possess little novelty. Yet the personal adventures of Mr. Morris, and his remarks on the subjects which attracted his attention—always characterized by good taste—must commend his work to the public regard, and create a desire for that second series of his journal, containing notes made during his residence in the Holy Land, of which he speaks at the close of his last volume. A portion of the narrative before us originally appeared under the title of "Memoranda of a Tour in the East," in the United States Gazette; and to Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., the accomplished editor of that Journal, it is dedicated. 2 *vols.* 12 *mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*

Sermons and Sketches of Sermons, by Rev. John Summerfield.—One of the most remarkable preachers of modern times was the Rev. John Summerfield, of the Methodist Church, whose early death, sixteen years ago, is remembered as an event of yesterday by those who ever listened to his extraordinary eloquence. Summerfield was born in Ireland, and there, as well as in England and in America, his appearance, from the beginning of his ministry, was ever hailed by admiring multitudes. "Whatever were the characteristic differences in the taste, in the qualifications, and even the prejudices of his hearers," says one of his biographers, "all heard with the same delight; all hearts melted, and all prejudices gave way, under an eloquence which it was as impossible to describe as to resist." Soon after his death his life was written by Mr. Holland, and now, for the first time, his sermons and sketches of sermons have been permitted to see the light. Doubtless they may disappoint some of those who witnessed their delivery, enforced by the brilliant manner and silver-like but powerful voice of the sainted evangelist, yet they cannot but be admired for their simplicity, directness, beautiful and pertinent illustrations, and vivid exhibition of the truth. The volume is dedicated to the venerable Bishop Soule.—*New York, Harper & Brothers; Philadelphia, Henry Perkins.*

What's to be Done? Or, The Will and the Way.—*By the author of "Wealth and Worth"*—*New York, Harper & Brothers.*—The rapid sale which attended the publication of that very popular little work, "Wealth and Worth," has induced the author to put forth another volume of a similar character, forming the second number of a contemplated series of American family tales. Whether we regard the style, the moral or the story of "What's to be Done," we can bestow upon it the highest commendation. The scene is laid in New York,—and the characters are sketched with unusual vigor and spirit. The narrative proceeds with unflagging interest to the close. "Wealth and Worth," was published last Christmas; since which, it has gone through five editions in this country, while in England two different publishers have issued it in beautiful style, notwithstanding its peculiarly American character. "What's to be Done," will undoubtedly meet with an equally flattering reception.

Lewis and Clarke's Expedition.—2 *vols.* 18 *mo. New York, Harper & Brothers.*—Nos. 154, and 155, of the Family Library, contain a History of the Expedition under Captains Lewis and Clarke, to the sources of the Missouri, thence across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean; performed by order of the Government of the United States, in the year 1804, 1805, and 1806; abridged by the omission of unimportant details, from the formerly published narrative prepared by Paul Allen, by Archibald M'Vickar. The Oregon Territory, which is the scene of most of the incidents and adventures recorded in this work, is now attracting much attention, and these volumes will meet with an extensive circulation among persons who feel an interest in any of the questions connected with the vast country which Lewis and Clarke, were the first to explore.—*Carey & Hart, Philada.*

Italy and the Italian Islands. *By William Spaulding, Esq. of the University of Edinburgh.*—3 *vols.* 18*mo. New York, Harper & Brothers.*—This is decidedly the most interesting and the most valuable history of Italy that has ever fallen under our notice. It forms the Nos. 151, 152, and 153 of the Family Library, and is among the most excellent works in that admirable series. It embraces a history of the revolutions, political, social and intellectual, through which the Italians have passed, in ancient and in modern times, combined with descriptions of the scenery, antiquities, and physical peculiarities of the country. The rise and progress of literature and the arts in Italy are also traced with care and ability. A popular history of that country has hitherto been a desideratum among our republications.—*Henry Perkins, Philadelphia.*

A Public Discussion on the Doctrine of the Trinity, *between Elder Frederick Plummer, Christian, and the Rev. William L. McCalla, Presbyterian. Held at Ridley, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, on the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of January, 1842*—*Kay & Brother, Philadelphia.*—We have given the title of this volume in full, because, by so doing, we can better explain the object of the book, than by any analysis on our part, of its contents. Those who are enquiring after theological truths, and think they can be picked up at public and popular debates, will find here an accurate report of what we do not doubt proved a very entertaining discussion. The volume is elegantly printed, and reflects credit on its publishers.

Blunt on the Pentateuch:—1 *vol.* 12*mo.*—*Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.*—The works of no other cotemporary religious writer *sell* so well as those of the Rev. Henry Blunt. We do not hold this to be a test of merit; but from what we know of them we think their popularity is well deserved. The volume before us, embracing expositions of Exodus and Leviticus, is designed for family use, and is on many accounts superior to any of the current commentaries. It is printed in a very handsome manner. Blunt's Complete Works,—The Lives of Abraham, Jacob, Elisha, Peter, Paul, Our Saviour, History of the Seven Churches, and Sermons,—have been issued in a similar style by Mr. Hooker.

Popular Vegetable Physiology.—This is a valuable elementary work, originally published in London under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Popular Instruction. Physiology, animal and vegetable, is among the most interesting of studies, and a work like the one before us, written in a popular style, and embracing the most recent discoveries, cannot fail to attain a wide circulation. The general reader will find it as interesting as it is valuable to the young student in natural history. *Lea & Blanchard.*

The Musical Cabinet.—The May number of this popular periodical, contains the usual number of instrumental and vocal compositions. The "Cabinet" is superior to any other strictly musical magazine, in that it contains interesting biographical notices of great composers, and judicious criticisms. It is not so neatly printed as some works of the same kind published in this city.—*Boston, Bradbury, Soden & Co.*

The American Botanical and Horticultural Magazine.—This is the title of an elegantly printed and beautifully illustrated monthly, published in New York by James Ackerman, and edited by Professor John H. Griscom, of the College of Pharmacy. Price eight dollars per annum. The number for May contains four highly colored drawings of rare and ornamental flowers, by M. Somerville.

Means and Ends, or Self-Training: 1 *vol.* 18 *mo., New York, Harper & Brothers*—This is a second edition of a very popular and useful work by Miss Sedgwick. It is worth a dozen of her books of Travels; and will carry her name to many a home never entered by them, or by her novels.—*Carey & Hart, Philada.*

Literary Intelligence, &c.

☞ The new volume of verses by Campbell, seems, on the whole, to have met with no greater favor in England than here. Our magazines, every month, contain better poetry. Campbell should have been ashamed to publish it. He is quite too fond of Hock and Sherry to be a poet now. Wordsworth, who, we believe, is older than the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming," is still the greatest bard of England. We are surprised, considering the popularity which "The Omnipresence of the Deity" attained in this country, that no other of Rev. Robert (better known by the soubriquet of *Satan*) Montgomery's Works have been re-printed here. A uniform Edition of them is in press in England, of which volumes containing "Satan," "Woman," "The Messiah," and "The Omnipresence of the Deity," have already appeared. His new work, "Luther," is said to possess great merit—in the Montgomery way—and it is praised in most of the religious periodicals. In the rhyme and in the notes, he takes ground against the tractators of Oxford.

☞ "The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice, or a defence of the Catholic Doctrine, that Holy Scripture has been since the times of the Apostles the Sole Divine Rule of Faith and Practice to the Church, against the dangerous errors of the Authors of the Tracts for the Times and the Romanists, as, particularly, that the Rule of Faith is 'made up of Scripture and Tradition together,' &c., in which also the Doctrines of the Apostolical Succession, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, &c., are fully discussed, By William Goode, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge," is the title of the most able and important religious work reprinted in America during the year. It is in two large octavo volumes, and is published by Mr. Hooker, of this city.

☞ American theologians, and young men who are in a course of preparation for the ministry will be glad to learn that the learned and able "Lectures in Divinity" by Dr. Hill, have just been re-published in this country by H. Hooker, Philadelphia, in one volume, octavo. The work has been extensively imported for the use of students, but the high price at which it was necessarily sold, has prevented many from obtaining it who would be glad to add it to their libraries. It is now issued in such a form as to make it come within the means of all, and we presume that it will be widely circulated.

☞ Among the new works recently published in England, is a Life of the late Sir Samuel Romilly, written by himself—which we should like to see re-printed in this country. Romilly was one of the purest and most sagacious statesmen of the time; and his history must possess unusual interest. The second volume of Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs, is said to be more interesting than the first. It will be re-published immediately in this city, by Carey & Hart. The Reminiscences of Col. Trumbull, the veteran American painter, have been re-issued in London.

☞ Charles Dickens will leave New York for England on the 7th of June, in the packet to sail on that day. With his wife he passed through Kingston, U. C., last week. It is said that he is to take part in an amateur theatrical performance in Montreal next week, after which he will visit Quebec, and then return to New York by way of Lake Champlain and the Hudson.

☞ "Charlotte Elizabeth" author of "The Flower Garden," and many other semi-religious books which have been re-printed in the United States, has within a few weeks, published "The Deserter," and "The Museum." "The Listener in Oxford" is the title of a small octavo, by the celebrated philanthropist, Mrs. Caroline Fry, in which the Roman Catholic tendency of the Oxford Tracts is discussed.

☞ The veteran historian Sismondi is still at work. The twenty-seventh volume of his History of the French has been recently published in Paris; and an ordinance has been issued, conferring upon him an enviable distinction in the legion of honor. The Journal *La France* reprehends the ministry for bestowing that honor upon a Protestant!

☞ The History of Charles the Eighth of France, by Count Philip de Segur, translated by Richard R. Montgomery, Esq. of this city, will be published in a few weeks by H. Hooker. It is an exceedingly interesting piece of biography, and the translator has preserved the spirit and graphic character of the original work.

☞ Among the most interesting books of travel lately published in London, are "A Visit to the Indians of Chili," by Captain Gardiner, author of a narrative of a Journey in the Zulu Country; "The Great Lakes of North America;" and "Creoleana, or Domestic Scenes and Incidents in Barbadoes."

"PHAZMA."

Among the "Newspaper poets" of the country few are more successful than "Phazma," of the New Orleans Picayune—otherwise Mr. Fields, the comedian. The following is one of his latest contributions to the Pic:

MAY.

Olden times are still returning,
As our years are onward ranging,
And our hearts, with impulse burning,
Hail the seasons gaily changing.
May is still the merry season,
Mingling mirth with truth and reason,
Teaching how the croaker Care,
Must the time with laughter share,
For the saddest may be gay,
When he meets the smile of May!

Of the Queens of all the earth,
They are Queens of greatest splendor,
For whom purity and worth
Honor and affection render.
Ne'er in royal diadems
Glitter half such precious gems,—
Never has a mine of earth
Given richer jewels birth,—
Than the unbought smiles that play
Round Regina, Maid of May!

Oh, the olden revelry!
Known in days of chivalry,
When the sunny spring-time weather,
Round the maypole call'd together
Joyous crowds, to cast aside
All of passion, all of pride,
And to let sweet nature forth,
Teaching all where love reposes,
As each rose-leaf shows its worth,
When the whole sweet flow'r uncloses!

May is maiden Summer, blushing
With the warm tide onward rushing,
That but tells of teeming birth
Of the flowers from the earth.
May was made as was the bow
That doth in the heavens glow,
Giving promise that our tears
Are but things of transient stay,
And that smiles, as roll the years,
Must return with many May!

☞ The Sandwich Island Alphabet has 12 letters, Burmese 19; the Italian 20; the Bengalese 21; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan and Latin 22 each; the French 23; the Greek 24; the German and Dutch 26 each; the Spanish and Slavonic 27 each; the Arabic 28; the Persia and Coptic 32; the Georgian 35; the Armenian 38; the Russian 41; the Muscovite 43; the Sanscrit and Japanese 50; the Ethiopic and Tartarian 202.

☞ "Peter Parley"—Samuel G. Goodrich, Esq. gives notice that he has nothing to do with "Parley's Magazine," published in Boston and New York, by Francis: His signature is used in that periodical without his consent. Mr. Goodrich edits "Robert Merry's Museum," the best of the juvenile miscellanies.

☞ George Bancroft is still engaged in prosecuting his History of the United States. A Boston paper says that the fourth volume will soon be ready for the press, and will bring the history down to July 4th, 1776—the Declaration of Independence. The first three volumes of this work have reached a ninth edition.

☞ Three large volumes have been recently published in Paris, entitled "Studies on the Text of Isaiah," or the book of the prophet explained by the customs, creeds, attainments, and history of the nations of antiquity. The author promises to give similar commentaries on other parts of the Bible.

☞ General Jackson's Memoirs and Despatches, Military and Civil, will probably be prepared by Amos Kendall. The manuscripts of the Ex-President were forwarded to Mr. Bancroft, at Boston; but that gentleman is too busy with his history to bestow attention upon other matters.

☞ Few Americans have contributed more to the true glory of the American name abroad, than John James Audubon, a sketch of whose history is placed on the first page of our present number.

☞ Colonel Stone is now under trial in New York for a libel on Cooper, the novelist.

The Fine Arts.

☞ Free exhibitions of works of art and *vertu*, like the National Gallery and British Museum in London, and many similar establishments on the Continent of Europe, are unknown in this country, and the common people in our cities who cannot afford to pay the high prices demanded for a sight of the poor galleries and indifferent museums we possess, are too often driven for amusement to the gin shops, the race course, and other scenes of dissipation and folly. A writer in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, alluding to the British Museum, the first in point of interest among the English exhibitions, remarks that, whether we regard the variety of curious objects of there collected, their rarity or value, it is impossible to imagine the amount of good effected by the regulations, affording facilities for their inspection, and rendering the place an intellectual bazaar for the profit of the whole citizen population. In holiday time, he continues, it is an exhilarating sight to follow the inquisitive groups from room to room, to pause with them before the wondrous marbles that once adorned the Parthenon and the Acropolis, to listen to their unlettered criticism and quaint observation, or to attend them through those apartments that bring before them, as it were, the world at one view: where the products, manufactures, natural wonders of polar, tropical, and temperate regions of the earth, are exposed to sight; where, surrendered from the depths of the sea, are rare, curious and monstrous fishes—shells wantoning in every variety of form and color—minerals of all kinds that contribute to the adornment, or minister to the wants of man—birds, infinite in species, form, and plumage—the insect tribes, in countless varieties, glistening with metallic lustre, and adorned with pencillings of nature's hand, which even tolerably to imitate, is excellence—antediluvian monsters of marvellous proportions, yet adapted, with accurate consistency, to the mingled chaotic mass of mud and water, in which, by the law of Providence, they were ordained to live, and move, and have their being, are restored to us in their integrity, and preserved to our admiring gaze from the wreck of elder worlds. It is delightful to observe the effects of the contemplation of the objects of curiosity congregated in this wondrous ark, even in the ignorant spectator. In a corner, "the pale artist plies his sickly trade," transferring to his portfolio gems from the chisel of Praxiteles or Phidias: and about the halls, the student, the mechanic, the countryman with his family, the apprentice relieved for an afternoon from his toil, and all the varieties of life and character that make up the "world of London," may be seen, gathering instruction or amusement. The pleasure and enjoyment the exhibition affords, are nothing in comparison with the good effected through its instrumentality. Out-of-doors recreations in use among the populace, such as suburban fairs and the like, are schools of folly, licentiousness, gluttony, intemperance, and every sort of vice; so much so, that the legislature, or at least the executive, has been called upon to interfere, for the purpose of limiting their demoralizing influences; but this exhibition is a school of mind and manners, and it is only by contemplating the faces of those who are engaged in recreating here, that you can form an adequate idea of its beneficial effects upon society at large.

In New York, recently, efforts have been made, chiefly by Mr. Fisher, an intelligent artist of that city, to establish a free exhibition of paintings and statuary. Mr. Fisher's memorial on this subject, to which we shall hereafter refer, was signed by all the clergyman save three in the city, and by many other distinguished men; but the state of business at this time is considered unfavorable for the prosecution of the plan, and it has been for the present abandoned.

☞ In France increased attention is being paid to the fine arts, and exhibitions are this season more numerous than ever. Louis Philippe has opened, in the palace at Versailles, a new gallery of paintings, to which he has given the name of *Constantine*, after the fortress in Algeria, successfully stormed by the French. The gallery consists of fourteen pictures, seven large and seven small, all the work of Horace Vernet, and all commemorative of French battles and sieges since the revolution of 1830. In whatever Vernet performs with earnestness, says Mr. Walsh, he manifests vigor and fertility of genius, and general skill in execution; he is picturesque, vivid, comprehensive; yet the spectator is more or less repelled by a roughness, a crudity, a certain license of dashing and daubing, which may be accounted for, indeed, by the multitude and unusual dimensions of his compositions. The prejudiced writer of an article in the March number of Blackwood, on the portraits at Versailles, regrets that the palace was converted into a museum of the fine arts, and hopes that it will be again a *royal residence*. This passes all bounds of perverse spirit and taste for those who know what the museum contains, and to how many thousands of all classes, and all countries it constantly affords pleasure and instruction.

☞ Mr. Dempster, the vocalist, has been giving a series of concerts in this city, which have been remarkably well attended. We have never had in this country so admirable a ballad singer; and, after all, the simple ballad is more attractive, and will ever continue to be so, than any thing beside. "Rot your Italianos!" says Mr. Christopher North, and so say we. We may be unfashionable, but we would rather hear Dempster than Grisi, and so would nine hundred and ninety nine of every thousand say, if they spoke truly.

☞ Mr. George Harvey, an artist of good reputation, is now publishing a series of engravings of the primeval forests in Canada and the United States, taken at the four seasons of the year, with explanations written expressly for the work, revised by Washington Irving. They are very beautiful, and have received the highest commendations both in this country and in England.

☞ Numerous improvements have recently been effected in the Daguerreotype. A late sitting of the French Academy concluded with the reading of a paper on the Daguerreotype improvements of M. Bisson, a young artist, whose Daguerreotype portraits have been much remarked for the beauty of execution, and the absence of the defects which are more or less conspicuous in the productions of other artists. M. Bisson has discovered the means of dispensing with the use of the plate silvered by the ordinary process, and recommended by M. Daguerre. By a galvanic process he covers the plate with a slight coating of silver, much more even and perfect than the surface of the ordinary silvered plate, and the object was, consequently, represented with greater fidelity and boldness. Another improvement of M. Bisson, and one which appeared to command the admiration of the Academy, in the specimens which were laid before it, is in giving, by the action of the galvanic pile, a slight gold tint to the drawing, which takes away its unpleasant looking-glass appearance, and causes the objects to stand forth almost as clearly and vigorously as in drawings performed by hand.

Local Intelligence.

☞ The large and elegant building, erected by the American Fire Insurance Company, on Walnut street, between Third and Fourth, has recently been opened as a boarding house, by Mrs. S. Sweetser. The apartments are ample, and are furnished in a manner befitting the style of the building. The house is intended as the next best substitute for an elegant and quiet home; while its central position renders it very accessible.

☞ Efforts are being made to procure a pardon for Holmes. Petitions for that purpose are left at the Exchange for signatures. Holmes has just been sentenced to six months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of twenty dollars.

☞ Judge Baldwin has overruled the motion in behalf of the United States for a new trial in the celebrated case of Reeside. The verdict in Mr. Reeside's favor was for $180,000.

☞ At a meeting of the Board of Commissioners of the Northern Liberties on Monday afternoon, John T. Smith, Esq. was elected a guardian of the poor from that district.

☞ The first regiment, commanded by Col. R. Patterson, paraded on Monday. We saw Gen. Combs of Kentucky riding with Gen. Goodwin's staff.

☞ The new steamboat "Philadelphia" was launched on Tuesday, from Mr. Vaughan's ship-yard, Kensington.

☞ Pickpockets infest the city.

☞ It is rumored that J. M. Porter, Esq. brother of Gov. Porter, is to be collector of this port, in place of Mr. Roberts to be removed.

☞ Hon. Walter Forward, Secretary of the Treasury, has been on a visit to this city during the present week.

☞ In the Nicholson case, the court have overruled the motion for a new trial and in arrest of judgment.

☞ Fires have been unusually numerous during the last fortnight, but none have been very destructive.

☞ Shad are becoming scarce here.

☞ Mad dogs are still about.

The Markets.

The Money Market.

The rate of money has not altered materially since last week. Business of all kinds, however, is dull; and the market jobbers have not done this season more than a third of what they usually do. A large number of them have obtained private extensions, a course to which they have been driven by the almost total failure of remittances. Many have stopped payment. So gloomy a period has not been known in Market street since the pressure after the last war. We are not surprised, however, at the scarcity of money, when we consider the vast amount of banking capital and paper which has been withdrawn from circulation both in this city and throughout the country.

The rumor that the interest on the State debt cannot be paid in August gains ground; but we still hope the report will prove untrue. Every exertion should be made to redeem the credit of the commonwealth. The Legislature, at its special session, ought to attend to this matter, and provide means, if possible, to meet the interest; but if it is not more energetic than it was in the winter, the State creditors may look for justice in vain.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
99 shares Reading R. R.	22½a23
87 do. Mechanics Bank,	11a11½
75 do. Commercial Bank, Cincin.	40
27 do. Girard Bank,	3½a3¾
17 do. Louisville Bank,	60
16 do. United States Bank,	3
6 do. Spring Garden Insurance Co.	12
3 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	55
3 do. Man. and Mechanics Bank,	8
$1300 United States Bank Notes,	45
$2000 State 5's, 1870,	44½
$400 City 5's, 1846,	96½

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	9a11	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
" middling,	5a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	62a68
" corned,	5a 7	Wheat " "	94a$1
Veal,	3a 6½	Butter, lb.	18a22
Mutton,	3a 5	" Tub,	14a16
Lamb per qr.	75a87½	Lard, "	8a10
Pork, fresh, per lb.	4a 6	Scrapple, per lb.	5a 6
" pickled, "	5a 7	Cheese, "	6a12½
Hams, Jersey,	7a11	Eggs, per doz.	9a10
Jowls,	2a 3	Apples, ½ pk.	10a18¾
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
Beef's Tongue,	40a50	Sweet Potatoes, lb.	2a 3
Pigs, whole,	50a$1	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15	Pickles, per 100,	25a35
Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25	Beets, bunch,	3a 5
Fresh Tripe, per lb.	2a 3	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Sausages, stuffed, lb.	6a 7	Turnips, qr. peck,	4a 6
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Onions, rope,	8a 9
Souse Cheese, lb.	8a 9	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	25a31
Fowls, pair,	62a75	" Apples, ½ pk.	25a31
" " Live,	56a75	Sand Pears,	7a 8
Turkeys,	62a$1¼	Sallad, head,	½a 1
Geese,	50a75	Asparagus,	8a12½
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Radishes, bunch,	1a 3
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Onions, green,	1
Ducks, pair,	56a75	Horseradish, root,	1a 3
Fresh Shad,	12a25	Hominy, quart,	8a 9
Herring, dozen,	10a12	Honey, per lb.	12a25
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Rhubarb, bunch,	3a 4
" fresh,	12a15	Dried Cherries, qt.	7a 9
" dry, lb.	18a18¾	Cranberries, qt.	10a12½
Pickled Cod, "	4a 5	Chesnuts, per qt.	7a 9
Fresh, "	5a 6	Walnuts, "	2a 3
Flounders,	6a 7	Shellbarks, per qt.	3a 4
Halibut, lb.	10a12½	Gooseberries pr qt.	10a12
Rock, "	12a37½	Currants, "	6a 8
Clams, per 100,	20a25	Strawberries,	50a62
Sourcrout, qt.	5a 6	Cherries, per lb.	10a12½

The market the past week has been well supplied with vegetables, meats, fish, fruit, eggs, butter, and in fact almost every thing in season, and at lower prices than last week. We have never seen Philadelphia better supplied with provisions and other articles appropriated to human sustenance than they are at present, and all with an occasional exception, at prices lower than ever before in the last twenty years. A greater stock of salted provision we never witnessed. Our groceries and the markets are overflowing with hams at 7 cents, of a quality that two years ago would have commanded 12 or 14. Potatoes are hawked about the streets, and sell at from 20 to 25 cents per bushel. Veal may be bought out of the wagons at 3 and 4 cents per lb. Shad are not plenty, and of course not very cheap.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—Further sales of Quercitron at $20 per ton for 1st quality No. 1.

Coffee—Prices are stationary with limited sales.

Cotton—No sales of any extent have transpired.

Flour and Meal—Increased supplies of Flour, with a very moderate demand, have caused a slight decline in the prices this week. Sales for export at $5,87½ and $5,75 per bbl for common and fair brands. $5,75 is the market price. Rye Flour is steady at $3,50 per bbl. Corn Meal—A sale in bbls at about $2,75 for Penn's Meal.

Fruit—By auction, 1500 boxes Sicily Oranges, in prime order, sold at $2,10a2,25 per box, and 300 do Lemons, $1,75 a1,92, cash and 4 mos.

Grain—Wheat is arriving more freely. Sales of several parcels fair to prime Penn's red at 1,23a1,33, afloat, and white at $1,33. Rye—Sales at 70a72 cts. Corn—Market inactive and prices have declined. Sales of Penn's round yellow at 59 cts. Holders ask 59 cts. Sales of gourd seed, 57a55 cts, and Southern yellow at 55½a55 cts; white, 53½a 55. On Tuesday several lots were storing for better prices. Oats—Sales at 40a41 cts.

Provisions—Beef is without demand. Pork is steady at last week's prices. Bacon—Fair sales in small lots at 3¾ to 4½ cts per lb for hog round. Lard but few sales this week.

Sugar—Prices are steady and the demand continues fair. Sales of 200a250 hhds Porto Rico at 5½ to 6½ cts, cash and 4 mos; 100 hhds New Orleans at 3½ to 5 cts, 4 months. A further sale of white Brazil at 6½ cts, equal to 6 months.—*North American.*

HEALTH OFFICE, MAY 14, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 7th to the 14th of May.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Neck,	0	1	Brought over,	18	32
Apoplexy,	2	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	2
Atrophy of Heart,	0	1	——Bronchi,	0	2
Caries of Vertebræ,	0	1	——Lungs,	0	3
Croup,	0	1	——Stomach,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	8	2	——Bowels,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	7	——Liver,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	1	0	——Larynx,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	——Peritoneum,	1	0
——Head,	0	3	Insanity,	1	0
——Breast,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	2
Disease of Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	4	0
——Leg,	1	0	Pleurisy,	1	0
——Stomach and Bowels,	1	0	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Drowned,	1	0	Softening of Stomach,	0	1
Debility,	1	0	Small Pox,	0	4
Fever,	1	0	Still Born,	0	6
——Remittent,	1	1	Unknown,	1	0
——Typhus,	1	0	Vomiting of Blood,	1	0
——Typhoid,	1	1	Worms,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	4	Whooping Cough,	0	3
Carried over,	18	32	Total,	30—36	61

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, and 19 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

Tooth-ache and Tic Doloureux, or Face-ache.—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Tooth-ache and Tic Doloreux,* because they purge from the body those morbid and corrupt humors which are the cause, not only of the above painful maladies, but of every description of inflammation and pain. Four or five of said Pills taken every night on going to bed, will in an incredible short space of time, carry off the most violent attack of Tic Doloreux, or Tooth-ache, at the same time the digestion will be improved, and the *blood so completely purified that all kinds of inflammation will be literally banished from the body.*

Caution.—The agents for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are cautioned against being deceived by medicine manufactured and sold by one V. O. Falck; and will also be on their guard against paying money to said Falck, on account of the above Pills, as he, *V. O. F.* has long since *been dismissed* from my employ, *and cannot by any possibility have the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills for sale.*

All local and travelling agents are provided with a certificate of agency; and travellers, who cannot show one, will be known as impostors.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

N. B. *In order to avoid imposition be particular to ask for Wright's Pills.*

ALMANAC.

May. 1842.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
21 Saturday,	4 48	7 12	11 45	
22 Sunday,	4 48	7 12	12 40	D. H. M.
23 Monday,	4 47	7 13	1 25	
24 Tuesday,	4 46	7 14	2 10	
25 Wednesday,	4 45	7 15	2 55	Last 2 7 48
26 Thursday,	4 44	7 16	3 50	New 10 6 41
27 Friday,	4 43	7 17	4 42	First 17 7 13
28 Saturday,	4 43	7 17	5 33	Full 24 4 42

Married,

On Sunday evening, 15th instant, at the First Protestant Methodist Chapel, by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, Mr. Mahlon G. Carter, of Bucks county, to Miss Mary Jackson, of this city.

In N. York, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. George Jones, Chaplain on board the U. S. frigate Columbia, John Henry Sherburne, Lieut. U. S. Navy, to Frances P. daughter of Richard Devens, of Charleston, Mass.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Furness, William H. Kern, to Jane B. Parkinson, daughter of George Parkinson, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. L. Taft, John M'Kinney, to Miss Mary Dennison, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Samuel Carr, of Montgomery county, to Miss Frances Shells Bown, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, Albert Roberts, to Catharine S. daughter of Daniel Graeff, Esq. all of this city.

On the 14th ult. in Manchester, by the Rev. W. W. Johnson, M. A. James Payne, U. S. A. to Martha daughter of Mr. George Smith, of Hulme.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Robert Adair, Washington L. Lane, to Ophelia Guthrie, of Bainbridge, N. York.

At Cohocksink, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. G. Owen, Samuel Lomas, to Miss Judith Mall, both of East Kensington.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Wm. E. Laughean, Mr. Joseph Carr, to Miss Rachel Elizabeth Pennington, all of Kensington.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Wellington Fords, of Chatham, N. York, to Anna, daughter of Joseph Crans, Jr. of Moyamensing.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. William C. Neman, to Miss Mary A. Funk, all of the N. Liberties.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Davis Gamon, to Miss Esther C. Thompson, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. W. W. M'Michael, John J. Morrow, to Miss Sarah Loyd, both of this city.

At Southwick, Mass. on the 8th instant, by the Rev. T. Fletcher, Oliver W. Kellogg, M. D. of Manlius, N. Y. to Miss Eliza S. Fletcher, of the former place.

Died,

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Susannah M'Laurin, in the 69th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Jane Shorday, in the 67th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Mr. John Baker.

On the 16th inst. Mr. Michael Vantier.

On the 17th inst. William T. Wester, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Dorothy Greenleaf, in the 68d year of her age.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. S. Wyle, wife of Captain John Wyle, aged 65 years, formerly of New York city.

In N. York, on the 14th inst. Daniel Harker, formerly of Gloucester county, N. J. aged 58 years.

On the 7th inst. at Allentown, Alexander Ash Blumer, printer and bookseller, of the firm of A. Blumer & Brothers.

At the house of Mrs. McNevins, in Sixth street, below Walnut, on Saturday morning, the 14th instant, Mrs. Mary Dewees, wife of the late Dr. William P. Dewees, aged 60 years.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Samuel Weisman, Sr. in the 78th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Nancy Waterhouse, in the 67th year of her age.

On Friday evening, 13th instant, Mrs. Catharine Maitland, wife of Mr. William J. Maitland, in the 28th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Hannah Meinicka.

On the 14th inst. at the residence of his father, in Mantua Village, in the 3d year of his age, William A. son of Wm. A. and Mary E. Ennis.

On the 14th inst. James M. Thornton, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Elizabeth C. daughter of James M. and Ann Thornton, aged 8 months and 8 days.

On the 13th inst. Mary M. relict of Conrad Wilen, aged 77 years.

On the 13th instant, Alexander M'Connell, aged 50 years.

On the 13th inst. Michael Nisbet, aged 55 years.

On the 13th inst. Henry, eldest son of Josiah W. Gibbs, aged 33 years.

On the 13th instant, Sarah Jane, wife of Jesse Krouse, aged 23 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Margaret Brown, aged 72 years.

In New York, on the 12th inst. William Van Watt, aged 83 years, an old respectable inhabitant, and for the last sixty years a resident of that city, and a soldier of the revolution.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa. Rufus Bennett, one of the three surviving relics of that fatal and bloody battle, which rendered sad and desolate the young colony of Wyoming. Mr. Bennett was in the eighteenth year of his age at the time of the massacre.

On the 15th inst. Joseph Compory, in the 50th year of his age, after a lingering illness of many years.

On the 15th inst. Mr. James Ibbetson, aged 41 years, file manufacturer, lately from Sheffield, England.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Benjamin Montgomery, in the 90th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Anna, daughter of Thos. B. M'Elwee, Esq. of Bedford county, Pa. aged 13 years.

At Germantown, on the 24th ult. Mr. Wm. Heisler, in the 87th year of his age.

On Thursday, 12th inst. Mary, wife of Daniel Yeager, in the 58th year of her age.

On Friday evening, 13th inst. Mr. Frederick Hippensteel, aged 35 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Susanna Stowman, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. after a short illness, Juliana B. Colton, aged 17 years.

On the 7th inst. at Morrisiana, West Chester county, N. Y. in the 26th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah C. wife of Wm. Morris, and daughter of the late Thos. Newbold, Esq. of this city.

On Sunday afternoon, 15th inst. Conrad Weckerly, one of the remaining Patriots of the Revolution, in the 86th year of his age.

In this city, on the 13th inst. Rachel, third daughter of the late John Holmes, of Holmesburg.

On the 8th inst. at her residence near Darby, Sarah H. Jackson, in the 21st year of her age.

Farewell, oh! dear departed one,
Thy spirit has for ever gone
To dwell with those in Heaven above,
Where all is joy and perfect love.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, May 21st, 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.		NEW YORK.	
Philadelphia banks,	par	New York City,	½ dis
Mechanics Bk.	6 dis	Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
Man. and Mec. bk.	17 dis	North River Bank'g Co.	do
Moyamensing bank	12 dis	City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Penn Township bank	15 dis	Globe Bank,	do
U. S. Bank notes,	35 dis	Wool Growers bank,	failed
Girard do.	40 dis	Country banks,	1½ dis
Penna. do.	9 dis	Except bank of Columbia, Green Co., Hudson, Middle Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.,	Broken
Germantown,	par		
Delaware co. at Chester,	par		
Chester co. at W. Chest'r	par		
Montgomery county,	par		
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par	Wayne County bank,	
Farmers bk Reading,	8 dis	Merchants & Planters,	
Easton,	par	Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Northampton,	18 dis	Exchange bk Po'keepsie,	do
Lancaster bank,	7 dis	Portsdam Manu'ing Co.	do
Farmers bk Lancaster,	8 dis	Red Backs,	2 dis
Lebanon,	10 dis	MARYLAND.	
Harrisburg,	12 dis	Baltimore banks,	1 dis
Middletown,	12 dis	Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Carlisle,	12 dis	Mineral bank,	10 dis
Columbia Bridge,	8 dis	Cohen Jr. & Br's. bank,	30 dis
Northumberland,	10 dis	Frederickstown,	3 dis
Miners bk at Potts.	10 dis	Hagerstown,	3 dis
Wy'g bk Wilkesbarre,	10 dis	Westminster,	3 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	5 dis	Williamsport,	10 dis
" Certificates,	5 dis	Cumberland,	7 dis
" Post notes,	5 dis	Salisbury,	11 dis
Towanda,		Franklin bank,	30 dis
York,	10 dis	Susquehanna,	broke
Gettysburg,	10 dis	Millington,	broke
Chambersburg,	10 dis	Frederick County bk,	3 dis
Waynesburg p. notes,	25 dis	Broken banks, various prices	
" demand notes,	25 dis	Balti'e Ohio R. R. notes,	50 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	10 dis	NEW JERSEY.	
" demand notes,	10 dis	Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Erie,	25 dis	Princeton bank,	par
Berks county bank,	60 dis	State bank at Camden,	par
Honesdale,	10 dis	Cumberland bank,	par
Bk Susquehanna co.	12 dis	Mount Holly,	par
Lewistown,	25 dis	Salem Banking Co.	par
Lumb'n's bk Warren,	no sale	New Hope Del. Bridge,	par
West Branch bank,	50 dis	Tren. Banking Co. old	par
DISTRICT OF COL'MB'A.		New plate,	par
Washington City,	1 dis	All other banks,	par
Georgetown,	1 dis	Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Farmers & Mechanics,	1 dis	Hoboken bking & G. Co.	broke
Alexandria,	1 dis	Washington banking Co.	do
Bank of Alexandria,	broke	Franklin bank,	do
Mechanics bank,	broke	Jersey City bank,	do
Franklin bank,	no sale	Monmouth,	do
Merchant's bank,	do	N. J. Manufacturing Co.	do
VIRGINIA.		Protection and Lombard,	do
Bk of Va & branches,	7 dis	Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
Farmer's bk & brchs,	7 dis	State bank at Trenton,	do
Valley bk & branches,	7 dis	Bank of New Brunswick,	do
Ex. bk & branches,	7 dis	Mechanics bk Patterson,	do
Wheeling,	20 dis	DELAWARE.	
Wheeling post notes,	20 dis	Bank of Delaware,	par
OHIO.		Wilmington and Bran.	par
Cincinnati	10 dis	Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Bank notes,	no sale	Union bank,	par
ILLINOIS.		Bank of Smyrna,	par
Bank of Illinois,	no sale	INDIANA.	
State bank,	no sale	Notes,	15 dis
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TIME'S CHANGES.

I met four men—on Trinity Day,
Four, like a schooner just outsailing,
Sharp on the starboard bow of me;
And Sixpence jingled in their hearing
Each had a shilling in his fist,
Each minded something—the sight of gain
Or else the shining—and I wished
That Sixpence had been ten times again.

Oh! who could look on such a face,
On such a form, so stately-free,
And darkly dream this could come quickly
To bowed shame and misery?

Four in her ears, and in her fair
Hand a fat thing of gilt and lightness,
Bought (with the tuppence given her)
Of some old hungry, evil huckster.

I met her tottering—almost sixteen—
The end of everything in view—
Then gathered a nineteen here worn,
Then one of twenty, and then two.

I met her thirty-five's dark decency,
In widow's garments sad around her,
Then a poor forty-seven passing
As even my cursory portrayed her;
And last of all, I met her fifty-four,
Upon the street, and watched a minute
The mockery and the sparkling glitter;
Then I went in and had it out.

The vanishing of Time's changes,
Time, in their place's unknown frame,
Time, in their place's unknown frame,
Time, in their place's unknown frame,
In feeling which, the human fate
That every human wields in part,
A consciousness—which is not good,
Which is not bad, which is not indifferent,
A silliness—as of Nature's self
A fairy glow on brow and feet,
With which, like fairies, maidens go dancing.

A last time—and measured she lay,
Measured, like some unwieldy vase,
A supreme mould of fading clay,
Into which Time had cast his face!
I gazed—my heart was like to burst—
And, as I gazed, I saw the vase
The brass scheme I see her from
Was changed, and I was changed, and I
Was changed, and I stood in Time's days.

As normal she in her station day,
A happy mother in the Grace
Of planned hope, and many beauty—
Let the dead bury the dead!
Much Desdemona's dead years o'er me,
And I am living Othello still.

Whose works in defence recite before me!

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

By Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CANAL BOAT.

In obedience to O'Grady's directions, of which, for brevity's sake, we left a memorandum in writing, we started from Portobello in the usual hour on the afternoon of the day but one following. The day was dark and lowering, with occasional showers of cold and dreary rain; however, the coming glance I took of the glorious bay of Dublin, as we passed the Pigeon House, and saw the white and buttressed up in my great coat, and with my cap pulled down to the brim, I felt very much like a soldier on the deck for several hours, my own thoughts affording me sufficient occupation, and I was glad the companion system existed, I should not have desired any other; as for Mr. Corney, I never knew him so inoffensive, and he looked at my fellow-passengers, there was nothing, either in their dress, air, or appearance, to induce me to court for any closer intimacy. The majority of them were stout, plain-looking people, with cases of cutlery or gay tin-ware, leather gaiters, and thick shoes, returning, as I could guess from some chance-acquaintance they had formed, from the Dublin market, whither they had probably gone with the produce of their farms to sell, and bought, the qualities of which formed the staple of conversation. There was also one lively-looking woman, rather good looking women, with a certain air of half-pretty shop girl, which would lead her at times to display a degree of pertness, which, however, I was sure of the company; that consideration was a pure selfishness on my part, as I knew that my companion would scarcely succeed to raise her bagged eyes, and spiral with an upward pout from those dirty boots, and that bonnet of dingy straw, and her brown cotton cloak, but her humble vocation, and her position, as I thought, in the world, and I was determined to be as unobtrusive as possible, and to avoid, if I could, from some chance occurrence, any intimacy with her.

Whether it was the polite attention bestowed upon me by his servants, or whether it was a natural trait in the character of the former, I cannot say, but I was certainly struck with the deference which almost immediately was paid to my every wish, and although unaccustomed with every one, myself, somehow, not to suffer in the least from a sense of shyness, I soon became so dispersed on all sides. He was a short, florid-looking, little fellow, with a round bullet head, the features of which were, at first sight, so very expressive that it was difficult to decide on their prevailing expression. There was great fun and much relish, and humour with fun, caught a character of severity from his heavy overhanging eyebrows, and there was a acute expression in his compressed lips that every moment gave way to some burst of good and genial humour, as every now and other of his friends; his voice, however, was the most remarkable thing about him, for while at one moment he would declaim in the full round tone of a person accustomed to speak in public, in the next he would sink down into an easy and familiar accent, to which the preference of his hearer imparted a welcome gentleness.

His dress was a suit of rusty black, with leather breeches of the same color, and high boots; the cut was, which would have led to a conclusion that he was a gentleman, have explained the secret of that universal understanding he maintained with all orders; for he knew every man's business, from the driver, whose whip he had shown, what success had attended them in the market, how much he had made by it, and what the pigs were sold for; he asked why Tom didn't come to the house, and if Molly's child was well of the measles; he had a word not for the shopkeeper's wife, but that was said in a whisper; and then producing a copper tandy-full, about the size of a saucer, he presented it to her with a graceful bow, saying,

"This is not the first time I have had the honor of tasting your Italian cordials, captain. We were quartered there together, and I have a long memory."

I soon perceived that this was the same priest, whose controversial powers had kept us awake for nearly half the night, and I could not help wondering at the cause of his wander. I was delighted, however, to renew my acquaintance and was more encouraged in pleasure; this resided in his proposing that we should sit altogether of dinner, to which I at once assented.

"I know people, dearest people, captain; but mixing after all, in the ways of the world is not my forte. Now, I'm sure you're dying to say a bit, Corney. You may as well have out, Mr. Lorkins.—For a set of dovetailed old bachelors, with nothing but time, and then, for a crowd, to drag the end cold moment forth, that Saint Peter and all—for are of diamonds," (he) tackled you under the table, and you'd never know it, for you have no more taste at it; and an angel of a woman ye are; and I'm sure you'd think I could be a good one myself. The odd trick out of you, Mr. Lorkins. No, no, I deny it—ergo the contrary, as Tom Cooper and Dr. Quigley say. The truth, my lee, is, Peter; and if you contribute to the general fund, I'll make you a present of a pair of gaiters for the two, Mother Lorkins. Trumps! another bottle—another bottle, I say. Where's the corkscrew? I'll beggar the bank tonight. Mullaneyday—Lord, Mullaneyday, of course, as we used to say formerly. Surprise me!"

Whether it was the French, or the look that accompanied it, I cannot say, but, certainly, the lady blushed and looked down, and the priest, in no wise disturbed by sound of explanation. To this did Mrs. Corney bend up to say, that the entertainment was the property of his self-invited to lead to. Then the old farmer and his pinky-cheeked wife, the handsome daughter and the chance of economy; for, the Cesar de Lion with his iron sauce, the good priest had about him, something, indeed, of sporting of the Nimrod order, and when Corney Lorkins's moment to recover from one blow, ere he dealt another, at that time.

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